

Revealed Weakness by ticklishraspberries

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Summary:

Lucas finds himself on edge after Dustin reveals a certain weakness to Max.

Revealed Weakness

Lucas never intended for Max to find out.

It was all Dustin's fault, too, which made it even more annoying. If Max had found out during a cuddle session, maybe he could let it slide for the sweet memory.

But no. Thanks a lot, Dustin.

They had been hanging out at Mike's, engrossed in a board game other than DnD for once, and Lucas made a particularly badass move that put his points quite far ahead.

Dustin, ever the sore loser, had reached over and poked at that stupid sensitive spot on his back, and Lucas had let out a pitiful yelp of laughter that made Max perk up like a dog hearing the squeak of their favorite toy.

"What was that?" she asked, eyes sparkling with mischief.

"Nothing," Lucas said, at the same time that Dustin said: "Oh, that's his tickle spot."

Oh, Lucas was going to murder Dustin.

The spot beneath his shoulder blades, on either side, was equally as ticklish as Dustin's stomach, or Mike's neck, or Will's ribs, and though it was an unconventional spot, his friends were all fully aware of it, and used it against him whenever they saw fit. To be fair, Lucas was usually on the side of dishing out the tickling rather than receiving it, so when they struck, it was often out of revenge.

He half-expected Max to strike right then and there, and the thought of his girlfriend making him giggle in front of his friends was embarrassing just to think about. It was totally different when they tickled him, because they were boys and of course they roughhoused, but with Max, it was more...intimate? He wasn't sure of the right word. Plus, he knew the guys would find it hilarious if Max reduced him to a breathless mess.

But she didn't make any move to test the fact.

"Good to know," she said, only shooting Dustin a grin and wink, nothing more.

The game continued normally, but Lucas was just a little on edge. He'd expected Max to take the new information and run with it, but instead, she was doing absolutely nothing about it.

He should probably have felt relief at this fact. Having one's ticklishness brought up in conversation, only to have it swept under the rug with no prodding fingers? That seemed like a rarity, at least, in his experience.

Maybe he should have been relieved, but Max's nonchalance only raised red flags. She was totally plotting something, and therefore, he was totally screwed.

Lucas was on edge for the rest of their game, becoming a jumpy mess every time Max moved.

At one point, he swore he saw Max biting back a smile, when she reached across him to grab a card and he flinched. His hypervigilance went unnoticed by the others. Dustin and Will were too invested in the game, while El and Mike were mostly invested in each other.

Eventually, the game came to an end, declaring Will the winner, and they split up for the day, all having homework or chores or something to do.

Lucas always walked Max home. His parents instilled in him that it was the right thing to do, but mostly, he liked the extra moments he got to spend with her, alone, talking or just walking with fingers interlaced. But today, he was terrified to be alone with her. Of course, that didn't mean he was going to let her walk home alone. He was a gentleman, after all.

As he said goodbye to the others, Dustin shot him an apologetic (but mostly amused) smile, and Lucas flipped him off in response. Then, he was startled by Max grabbing onto his arm, but she only tugged him along the sidewalk, saying something about him walking too

slow.

So, he gave Dustin one last glare before walking off with her, heart still pounding just a bit. He expected Max to pounce at any moment, but she was acting totally normal, as if she didn't just discover a weakness of her boyfriend's.

She chatted on about the game and the math homework she had to complete later, and Lucas offered to help her over the phone if she wanted. She shot him a smile and said she'd appreciate that, and gave his arm a playful little shove.

The casual, familiar banter soon calmed Lucas down as they approached Max's house.

"Call you later?" she said.

He nodded. "Totally."

A smile curled on her lips, and Lucas could have melted at the sight. She stood on her tiptoes to give him a quick kiss, then wrapped her arms around his middle to hug him.

He hugged her back around her neck, one hand idly stroking her red hair.

"Lucas?"

"Yeah?"

"Remind me to thank Dustin for this."

Lucas could barely process her words before both her hands were scribbling at that awful spot on his back, and an undignified squeak of laughter left his lips.

"Shit, Max!"

"What's wrong?" she asked innocently, still holding him in an iron-tight hug.

His arms shot down but couldn't reach around to pry her hands

away. His knees buckled slightly, though he refused to let her take him to the concrete. Instead, he latched onto Max's sides and squeezed, seeing retaliation as his only option to escape.

Max laughed, and the two of them were caught up in a fit of giggles that nearly left them sprawling on her front lawn. They called it even when they realized the less than ideal location for a tickle fight, and Max gave him one last kiss to the cheek before going inside.

Lucas, still flushed and buzzing with adrenaline, smiled to himself as he went on his way home.

Maybe he wasn't so mad at Dustin for giving up his secret after all.